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It was indispensable for Sainclair to dissipate his thoughts: he revisited Clotilda, who by her manners and conduct succeeded in persuading him, that she had a great passion for him: she was charming, and Sainclair soon arrived at discarding Albina from his memory.

Sainclair however did not engage himself; he did not even declare his sentiments; he perceived in Clotilda an impassioned taste for a talent, that caused him some uneasiness. Clotilda was a painter, and one of great ambition; she did not amuse herself with painting flowers; she composed mythological subjects in oil colours; and pretended to an equality in this with the most celebrated women.

*To be Continued.*

*To the Proprietors of the Belfast Magazine.*

GENTLEMEN,  
A CRITIQUE signed N on the narrative entitled Scotch law and politeness, having been inserted in your magazine for December, and some insinuations not altogether just thrown out, I request permission to make a few additional observations through the medium of your useful publication. N. is kind enough to say, that narrative in question deserves notice for two or three particulars, that it is deserving of any attention from a person of N's evident literary acquirements, is particularly flattering to the author, and in gratitude he is bound to permit N. to change that part of the title (politeness) with which he finds fault, and to substitute brutality, vulgarity, ignorance or any other word he may conceive more applicable. Mr. C. and party have been indirectly accused of a want of forbearance, and of the milk of human kindness—and N. has stated they might have saved themselves much trouble by sending or going to the person first engaged, to inquire into the cause of his delay: granted, and by acting so they might have (what perhaps is of more consequence to N.) saved the character of the Scotch magistrates, but unfortunately they were not acquainted with the driver's

place of residence, and if they had it was not their duty to send; they waited two hours beyond the appointed time; and surely the driver might have sent to inform them if he had got the tooth-ache, or his horses the bots. As to a want of the milk of human kindness, I can assure N. Mr. C. has evinced by many actions that he is not wanting in it, but possesses it in a superior degree; and with respect to a want of forbearance, I am convinced N. himself will think with me, there was no want of that quality when I inform him that no legal process was instituted against those magistrates for their brutal conduct; and that Mr. C. still permits them to hold their commissions of the peace!!!

N. appears much offended with the magistrate who ordered the gentleman to wait in the rain whilst he eat his breakfast (though it is evident he was much less to blame than the one who granted the order) and I feel much distress that N. to show his ire is obliged to have recourse to a stale pun on the word justice; punning is much beneath a man of talent, but an old one used as one's own is still more beneath him. I cannot conclude without observing that in publishing the narrative alluded to, I meant not the slightest reflection on the Scotch nation. I have resided some years in Scotland, and entertain a high respect for, and opinion of a number of its inhabitants. I consider Scotland as a rich garden, containing like all other gardens, a number of weeds; but surely the improper conduct of a few individuals cannot fix a stigma on any country.

H.S.

*For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.*

REPLY TO H. S. BY N.

SIR,  
I HAVE been long since as well convinced as you can be of the folly of giving advice gratis; and therefore want little to be said to show me my error on the present occasion: had I been as well informed as I am now, I should on the contrary have asked advice, but

*Nemo omnibus horis sapit.*

And unfortunately my *horae sapientiae* are not too numerous.

Your mention of my "evident literary acquirements," must be answered something in the same way, that the beautiful Mrs. F——n replied to some compliments on her wit, from the late duke of Rutland, when she said: "*Faith my lord duke I believe it is a humbugging me that you are.*" I know not indeed any pretensions I have to be a literary character except what caused the old complaint of my worthy mother so often. "N.N. can I never get you to be orderly? why will you always keep your things in such a litter?"

And now I surrender to you at discretion good sir, on all other matters but one; and there you have touched me on a tender point, where yield I cannot, if I would. Punning is so delectable and natural an exercise to me; that if restrained in it, I find all my functions directly disordered; my diaphragm becomes constricted, my pulse beats small and low, the diastole and systole of my heart are irregular, my gall is pent up, a terrible flatus rages from ileon to colon, and the pia and dura mater impinge most painfully on both cerebrum and cerebella.

But let me have due liberty of this delightful occupation; every thing goes on harmoniously again; my breathing becomes soft and free, my heart beats regularly, my blood flows in a sweet even current, and cerebrum and cerebella feel nothing but pleasurable sensations; therefore good sir, take any thing from me but my puns; but these I never can give up, for when you take my puns you take my life.

Now sir since it is a punishment to you to listen to a pun, and as it smells as bad to your nostrils as la *punaise* does to a Frenchman, I hold it that you cannot possibly be a good judge of a bad pun. How wonderfully doctors differ! An old pun so far from being worse to me for its age, is all the better, and like cheese acquires a mellowness and *pungency* by being kept, which it had nothing of at first.

I think you must be of Roman descent, or you could not be such an enemy to puns; for the Roman

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people were famous for their *Punic* wars, which were the worst they ever engaged in; and their aversion for every thing which contained a pun was so well known, that when the Carthageneans took Regulus prisoner, the death they decreed for him as most hateful, was to stifle him in a puncheon.

But however the word pun may be disagreeable to fastidious people in this degenerate age, in former times it was held in due estimation, and in other countries it still maintains its ancient respectability. Even among the old Romans themselves the *Pumiceus* color was esteemed highly, as it was by all the rest of the civilized world at that period; and in the East Indies their most learned men have been called *Pundits* from the earliest times, and are so still.

England was never so flourishing or happy as when punning was in its highest state of honour, when it was governed by a punning king, a punning ministry, and had punning sermons delivered from the pulpit; from one of which the old well known extract has been taken of "all houses are now ale-houses, matrimony is become a mere matter of money: was it so in the days of Noah: ah no!"

Now sir only consider what happiness attended the house of Stewart at this time, and with them the whole nation. For 25 years England enjoyed profound peace, and its pun-loving monarch, James, possessed happiness and respect; but as soon as his son, who hated puns, came to reign, the nation fell into misery and disturbance, and never had any ease, till the pun-hating Stewarts were sent out of the kingdom altogether, to make way for the august family, under whom these Isles enjoy such immense blessings.

Did you ever laugh sir, when you were a boy, at

"——— that facetious fellow  
The children's wonder, Signor *Punchi-*  
nello."

And are you not sensible that the very essence of his name is Pun, and that it must be owing to this circumstance, that he is so agreeable, that he has only to appear in order to excite laughter; and besides is more

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than a match for the Devil and Bonaparte, in his frequent engagements with them. I must here note for the benefit of our Irish showmen, that the latter important personage, is become an established character among the wooden dramatis personæ, in all polite exhibitions on the Continent of England, and a very great and admired addition he is to them.

Many of the ancients have been known to be fond of puns, and among them the elegant, the energetic, and classical Cicero held them in due reverence. The pun which he made on Julius Cæsar selling some estates, very much under their value, to Servilia the mother of Brutus (with whose daughter Tertia he intrigued with her connivance) is no less known than admired, and is thus related with deserved encomiums by the accurate Suetonius. "*Cum quidem plerisque vilitatem mirantibus facitissime Cicero, Quo melius, inquit, emptum sciatis, Tertia deducta est.*" the famous line also of his, which he valued above all his orations.

"O Fortunatam natam me Consule Roman."

If it does not contain a pun, at least exhibits an excellent clench, which is a pun in embryo, or at farthest is of the pun family.

I would now wish to end this unequal contest with you sir, owning myself but a *puny* antagonist; and if you let it cease here, I promise to obtrude my advice on you no more. You will hesitate perhaps and say that mine is but a *punica fides*, but I assure you sir on the contrary you may rely on my being *punctual* to my word; and in order to farther confirm it, I shall be happy to meet you whenever you please, to terminate our dissention *more Hibernico optimo*, over a jug of punch.

I am Sir your obedient servant,

NEMS.

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To the Proprietors of the Belfust Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

IF the following *Tour from Ballymena to Newtownlimavaddy*, can meet your approbation, you will oblige me by inserting it.

Impelled by an ardent curiosity, and in order to gratify a desire I

had for some time cherished; with a mind in a great measure unincumbered by care, untempered by passion, while the day was yet dubious, and my companions locked in the soft embraces of the soporiferous god. I arose one morning in summer last, and set off from Ballymena. Sometimes I was delighted to hear the little watchful dogs, that were shut up in the cottages which I passed, question me concerning my early ramble; sometimes observing the hare quietly cropping the tender blade in the corn fields, ere it should again resume its furze-crowned covert. Sometimes stopping to hear the shrill clarion of the cock, chirruping his nodding harem: the sky lark's tuneful mattius; or, inhale the redolent breezes of the morning.

Now the sun began to peep over the mountains of the east, and with slanting beams silver the dewy drops that were pendant on every leaf; here and there, the chimney of some lowly cabin, sent up its smoke in sinuous columns, to the cloudless cerulean vault of heaven. Nature in all her various departments wore the most benignant aspect;—the brute creation seemed to rejoice in having attained the summit of all possible happiness, while my heart was in unison with the happy creatures, and exulted in the prospect before me.

Immersed in such pleasing contemplations, the time passed insensibly away till I came to Clough, a little straggling village, in which I observed the ruins of an ancient monastery, of what order I could not learn, I was only informed, that it had once been of great extent, and was destroyed by fire; all that remains of it at present is an immensely thick wall, of a considerable length and height, through which there is a kind of arch, but whether it was at first designed as such, or frittered away by the corrosive tooth of Time, is not easy now to determine.

There is a pleasing solemnity steals on the mind while viewing the wreck of former ages. Perhaps here (said I) the male devotee sought to expiate the errors of his former years, by a formal, monotonous round of monkish austerities, or the pallid nun